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No. 182 Vol. IV.

CITY

ONE PENNY.
May 9, 1879.

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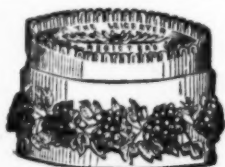
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I. MAYER, 105, OLDHAM STREET. N.B.—Bow Window.

4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

MAY 9, 1879.

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required. The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 31, Silver Street, Leicester.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate, from the very best makers.

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Benson's Caprine Porous Plaster

Is indisputably the best REMEDY for external disease ever invented. THEY RELIEVE AT ONCE AND CURE QUICKER THAN ANY KNOWN MEDICINE.

Benson's Caprine Porous Plaisters

Positively Cure—

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, PLEURISY, LAMBECK, BACKACHE, EXTERNAL NERVE DISORDERS, KIDNEY DIFFICULTIES, CRICK IN THE BACK, LAMENESS, WEAKNESS or STIFFNESS of the MUSCLES or JOINTS, and all severe ACHES and PAINS of an external nature.

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WILL POSITIVELY CURE COMPLAINTS IN A FEW HOURS THAT OTHER REMEDIES WILL NOT RELIEVE IN AS MANY DAYS.

One trial will convince the most doubting that it is an honest medicine founded on true medical skill.

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Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 182.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

COPE'S: A WORLD OF TOBACCO.

WITH the dread of a silly old English monarch's anathemas upon tobacco before our eyes, and the effect of his "counterblast" upon our memory, we have been still hardy enough to visit the world-famed establishment in Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool, which is the greatest dispenser of the most universal luxury ever discovered by man, to all parts of the earth.

"The perfume and supplianee of a minute" is here provided for the world's use on such an extensive scale that the mind almost fails to Cope with its vastness, and we can only present to our readers a faint idea and a limited recollection of our visit to this world of tobacco, and of

"What hath been seen, even in snuffs and packings."

Of the aggregate quantity of the fragrant "weed" consumed by Cope Brothers and Company we cannot speak; we only know that they receive dock samples of every cargo of tobacco which comes into port, and that such cargoes are purchased as required, duty having to be paid when purchased, before removal. Verily our Government make no bad debts. Our business, however, is with the manufacturing of the tobacco, after such purchase has been made, into the various forms which are so familiar to us in our every-day wanderings and our fireside musings, and the first process to which our attention is drawn is the unpacking of the tobacco from the hogshead or bale into which it has been tightly compressed, for the dual purpose of lessening the freight and protecting the article from damage. It is tied together in bunches, the leaves spreading out from the tied end (which is about the thickness of a man's thumb) into a fan-like shape, and the bunches are very flat from the pressure they have undergone. Here the different kinds of tobacco—the delicious Havana, the pungent Virginia, the odorous Latakia, the milder Manilla, the pale Turkish Leaf, and a host of others too numerous to think of or to record here—brought out from their various packages, moistened, separated, and carefully laid out straight, leaf by leaf, for the purpose of "stripping," or taking out the stalk from the leaf, a process which is accomplished by women and girls, who require to go through a term of apprenticeship, in order to obtain by long practice that degree of skill and dexterity necessary to enable them to extract the stalk without breaking the leaf. For Bird's Eye tobacco the stalk is not extracted, but is cut along with the leaf, in order to produce the picturesque effect from whence it derives its name.

We next proceed to that part of the premises which is devoted to spinning twist tobacco, and are delighted with the curious and unique machines which spin out Limerick Roll, Pig-tail, and Ladies' Twist, not by the yard, but literally by the mile, and at the same time coil it like a cable in a solid, massive coil with astonishing exactness and rapidity, different machines spinning various sizes, like the "counts" of twist in a cotton mill. Three girls here attend each machine, one supplies the leaf tobacco to a second, who is constantly feeding the machine, and as the twist appears another girl applies the more perfect leaf to the outside of the travelling "rope," which communicates its twist as it runs on, causing the leaf to wrap itself round the uninterrupted length and render the twist so smooth and slightly. When the coils are sufficiently large they are removed from the machine, tied round, and pressed into the compact form so familiar to us in the tobacconist's windows. We should think that sufficient tobacco is twisted here daily to provide "quids" for all the navies in the world.

The cutting machines next claim our attention, working at various rates of speed according to the "cut" required. Here the lover of the pipe can feast his eyes and his olfactory organs upon a never ceasing supply of Bright Cut, Rough Cut, Chester Cut, Bird's Eye, Cut Cavendish, Golden Cloud, and that mystery of mysteries, Cope's Mixture, the excellence of which blend is so universally acknowledged. Here he stands wondering

where all the tobacco goes to, which he sees grow up into large heaps before the busy knife, and watches the feeders keep up the apparently inexhaustible supply, almost in the same manner in which a chaff-cutting machine is fed. The mixing of the various tobaccos, which goes on during the feeding, must be a matter taught by long practice, and the never varying proportions are incessantly kept to one standard, whilst the cutting is done with such rapidity that each machine is enabled to cut a ton of tobacco per day.

Another interesting process is that whereby the tobacco is moulded into the well-known cakes of Cavendish or Negrohead. This is done at a table, on which is moving a hallowed disc, which revolves at the will of the operator. It is divided into a number of small compartments which come empty to the front, and are each filled as they come by a girl, who is stationed before the machine, with a weighed-out quantity of tobacco, and as each compartment is filled it disappears under a heavy pressure, which roughly gives it its shape; it is then covered by a tobacco-leaf wrapper and passed on for pressing. These little tobacco bricks are packed in very strong boxes, and undergo a powerful hydraulic pressure, which squeezes them dry, and produces the beautiful hard cake as sold. After their completion they are stored away in boxes of 100 lbs. each, until they have been rendered by age ripe for the smoker's use. There is a long range of powerful iron presses used for this form of tobacco manufacturing alone.

The drying-room, into which we walk with our *cicerone*, is our next object of interest, where cut tobaccos are laid out upon stages in heaps as numerous as "cocks" in a hayfield. Here are also the coils of twist of all gauges in presses, undergoing that process which consolidates and preserves them at the same time. Cavendish is dried in a separate room, the temperature of which is so high that we could not remain above a minute under its infliction—what being, except a Salamander, could?

But by far the most interesting part of the establishment is that which is devoted to the manufacture of cigars. It is a world of itself, and truly one of the most agreeable worlds a susceptible mortal could put his head into; it is an Eden peopled by none but Eves. Hundreds upon hundreds of creation's fairest ornaments seated in rows, their busy, nimble fingers manipulating the fragrant leaf and shaping the slightly cigar. Each girl is supplied with a quantity of tobacco, which is weighed out to her, and the process of cigar-making is so rapidly gone through that the wonder is how such an exact similarity in size and shape can be maintained when the sole gauges used are the eye and the hand. First, a quantity of leaf is taken up and rolled into a rough shape with the hands, this forms the inside of the cigar, or "fillings," which, after being thus rolled are placed in a kind of rack which is cut into numerous mould-like grooves of the size and shape of the cigar, and allowed to stand therein for some time which "sets" or confirms the shape given to them. Then a strip of more perfect leaf is rolled round the roughly shaped embryo, one end being neatly brought in rolling to a fine point, and fastened with a small quantity of paste. The larger end is then cut off to the exact length required, by means of a gauge-knife. The cigars when finished are sent down a small inclined railway to the room below, to be sorted, bundled, and boxed, which work is still performed by girls. So fine a judgment is required in sorting the cigars into different shades of colour, that it must be a matter of long experience and training. Some idea of the training required, and of the value of a good sorter, may be gathered from the fact that there are as many as thirty-two shades of colour recognised in cigar sorting, and how very fine a discrimination must be possessed to detect them. The best brands of cigars, however, are made by men, a similar process being gone through in the making, these cigars going through the addition of pressing in the grooved moulds before-mentioned, in order to make them

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactory, Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

both solid and perfect in size and shape. The fragrance of the pure Havana leaf which fills the atmosphere here is so rich and agreeable that the lines of Charles Lamb—

"Scent to match thy rich perfume,
Chemic art did ne'er presume—"

come forcibly to the memory, and we are ready to cordially endorse his triumphant conclusion—

"Thou art the only manly scent!"

Cope Brothers and Co. also make all their own cigar boxes, several storeys of rooms being used for the purpose of cutting up cedar, and slicing it with steam saws into the size required. It is then nailed together and put into a machine, which throws open the cover and stamps the brand on lid and cover. This machine will stamp 800 boxes an hour.

Cigarette making is also done by girls, and all these favourite little puffs of tobacco are rolled by hand, in a similar manner to the cigar-rolling, and such nice exactness is maintained throughout that the cigarettes seem to be moulded all in one mould. They are rolled up in a small piece of the finest rice-paper, and a girl will roll and make from 200 to 250 in an hour. When rolled in the paper, they afterwards pass into the hands of the coverer, who covers each one with a strip of leaf-tobacco, and cuts each to length with a gauge. The coverer will finish 150 per hour.

Our attention was next drawn to the packing of cut and cake tobaccos, which is done with wondrous rapidity. Here the widely spread packets of "Cope's Mixture" are ready for the world's use. A small upright wooden mould, a funnel-shaped receptacle for the tobacco, which fits into the mould at its small end, and a round "rammer" which fits easily into the funnel, are the tools used. The tobacco is weighed out into the size of lots required, and the packer after first wrapping the paper-cover round the small end of the funnel, and closing the bottom end of the paper, inserts the funnel into the wooden mould, takes up the weighed quantity of tobacco, and puts it into the broad, hopper-mouthed funnel, where a stroke of the "rammer" drives it into the small end; the funnel is then lifted out, and the tobacco is left in the paper cover which remains in the mould, the top of paper is then close up, the packet is "tipped" at each end with constantly boiling sealing wax, a label is placed on it, and it goes forth to the smoking community, its mysterious blending being sealed form the world as firmly as its contents are sealed from the eye. All this making-up process goes on so rapidly that the eye can scarcely follow it, and the ear is conscious of nothing but the monotonous tap, tap, of the rammers as packet after packet is turned out, until we are lost in astonishment.

And the "Snuffroom," where the range of devouring monsters swallow the tobacco which the stripping room yields, and grind them to the odorous and titillating dust, which is the delight of old fogeys, and the national pride of the "cannie" North Britons. We went in the snuffroom, but all the persuasions of our friend could not keep us there many minutes; we are only mortal and we sneezed, we felt that our dignity was touched by that explosion, and backed out of that room; but not before we had observed the large barrels which were being filled, from the machines, with different kinds and shades of snuff, produced by the different kinds and mixtures of tobacco used. Two men are constantly working in that room. Shovelling snuff is an occupation to carry on which we think a man must be more than mortal.

The printing and lithographing department is really a works in itself, and very many printers and lithographers, who do a fair amount of business, would pale before the printing department of Cope Brothers and Company. Three designers are constantly kept employed, and the great variety and remarkably original character of their productions may be studied to advantage in any tobaccoist's window.

The spacious and convenient cooking and dining rooms provided for the workpeople are worthy of the greatness of the firm, and the employés seem happy and contented, if we may judge from the smiling faces, bright eyes, and snatches of harmony, which always tell of comfort; and a firm which employs the enormous number of 1,400 women and girls, in the manufacture of tobacco, and pay the magnificent sum of two thousand pounds per day in tobacco duty to our governing powers, is well able to hold its own against the howls of stupid intolerance, and

"To Cope malicious censurers."

A BANKRUPT, consoled for his embarrassment, said—"Oh, I am not embarrassed at all; it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

THE QUEEN'S INTERFERENCE.

IT is an old saying that when men lose respect for themselves, they speedily lose the respect of other people. Thoughtful readers of the newspapers must have been struck with the frequency of official snubs given by ministers of the Crown to members of Parliament, asking awkward questions. Whenever these pert replies have been given, the Ministerialists have raised a cheer, and the Ministerial press have referred to the questioner as a rude man, prying into Imperial matters, who had received his deserts. It is difficult to decide whether that view of the case is most distinguished by ignorance of human nature, or by merely official impertinence, but, in truth, both ignorance and impertinence are its only features. Everyone who has seen either a man or woman raised to a high position above their compeers, must have seen how badly human nature bears the trial of greatness, and once such exalted people lose the corrective power of ridicule and criticism, they live in a world of dreams and delusions. The Tory journals and the Tory members, who do not know or remember that this idea is true of all human nature, as well as especially well attested by the example of many crowned heads, only display that dense ignorance which has been so often charged upon them. Another example of this forgetfulness of self-respect, and consequent toadying to the Queen, was afforded by the reply of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to Mr. Hutchinson, who had asked the Government was it true that the Queen had sent an autograph letter to Lady Frere, expressing Her Majesty's confidence in Sir Bartle Frere, as stated in the *Daily News* of May 2nd. To this question the Minister made answer: "I have not seen the statement, and can give the House no information on the subject." Then followed the usual Ministerial cheers. The Crown Ministers now seem to have forgotten that they are Englishmen first, and Ministers after, and instead of putting off a question of that kind, as was done by the Gladstone Ministry, with the reply that they were not entitled to question Her Majesty about her letter writing, thus quietly saying that whatever Her Majesty wrote in private letters was private, and of no Imperial consequence, this Ministry return the usual Tichborne answer of "Don't know." Men of less calibre than the independent members of Parliament would be put down, indeed quite extinguished for a session at least, by these snubs and derisive cheers, but happily we have many kings in this country, though we have only one crowned head. The spirit that moved Mr. Speaker Lenthall to tell King Charles that he (Lenthall) had neither tongue, hands, nor ears, except the Parliaments, is not dead yet; and did the Ministry pursue the only wise course in respect of the sovereign's letter writing, they would answer courteously, and with evident sympathy, members like Mr. Hutchinson, who inquire concerning the sovereign's gratuitously unconstitutional acts. It is very true the Government might have been placed in a difficult position to have acknowledged the Queen had written a letter approving the action of a man whom they had officially censured, but as Englishmen they ought not to have shrunk from that awkward position, and plainly, if need be, put the responsibility of the proceeding upon the Queen if they had no sympathy with the letter. The Ministry have hitherto not been slow to flout the Queen's name as a shield of many of their own proceedings; and this leads us to suspect that this letter, if sent, as many in high position in London say it has, does really secretly express the mind of the Government, though they have shrunk from owning it, and preferred, instead, to answer Mr. Hutchinson in a contemptuous manner. Though men disagree as to the precise mode of dealing with political problems, it is more than doubtful if even the Conservative party, as a whole, look with favour upon this class of Ministerial toadying to royalty, and impertinence towards members of Parliament. Though Conservatism approves the idea that one Englishman is equal to three foreigners, it does not approve the idea that one Tory should be impertinent to all Radicals, nor that the crowned head can do nothing unconstitutional. For this reason, a plain but respectful and firm front preserved by any minister towards the sovereign, in all Imperial matters, would be sure of the approbation of all reasonable men of every shade of politics. What historian has not applauded the action of Ludlow when Cromwell said, "What if a man should take upon himself to be king?" and Ludlow replied that a man who did so would make a serious mistake; thereby causing the Protector to rein in his ambition, and refuse the crown. In numberless well-attested instances have monarchs been restrained from folly by the action of good advisers, and Sir M. H. Beach could not do better than let his influence lie in the scale of prudence and peace against warfare and aggression, for the Queen's letter means both.

THE ACCOUNTANTS' BILL.

AMONG the least useful, and the most indefensible measures that ever engaged the attention of Parliament, must be classed the Accountants' Bill, now passing through the Lords' House. Its promoters seek to have themselves enrolled as a royal society, whose prescription shall determine when a man shall trade under the style and title of an accountant. The proposal of the bill is that only those men who have served an article apprenticeship of five years to an associate of their body shall be allowed to commence business as an accountant. The Bill does not assume to be in any way for the benefit of the public, other than in so far as to provide men who shall be upheld by the traditions which the associates hope to see cluster around their profession. Of course, they make a show of something in return for the monopoly they thus ask the Legislature to confer upon them, but there is not the slightest doubt that a greater invasion of the common rights of the people has not been attempted by even the present retrograde Parliament. Stripped of all the high sounding twaddle about providing the public with really expert professional accountants, whose membership of the Institute shall depend upon their proved honesty and capacity, the promoters of this bill absolutely ask the Parliament to hand over to them privileges which practically shuts up one of the sources of employment to those young men who acquire uncommon ability in accounts whilst in the employment of commercial firms. This is no light matter, neither for the public as a whole, nor for the very respectable and intelligent class of clerks who recruit the ranks of professional accountants. Indeed, the bill, if passed, will practically shut out another class of men—those of delicate constitution—from employment which now serves them, in conjunction with rent collecting, to eke out a meagre living by making up the books of small tradesmen. Not that these occupations will all be usurped by the associates of accountancy, but that the confidence of the public will be at once withdrawn from the men who will thus not be allowed to describe themselves as accountants. Now, what is this wonderful proposition which is to work such great results for the public benefit, according to the promoters of this bill? Simply, that those accountants who are now in business shall have the power to accept an article clerk, to whom they promise to teach their business, and kindly ask the Parliament to erect a hall of monopoly into which this new-fledged article clerk shall be entitled to enter on the expiry of his articles. Really, this proposition is the quintessence of absurdity. Its ridiculous and unjust character is so palpable, that the greatest wonder lies in the fact that any man has been found so lost to common decency as to even propose such a measure anywhere, even in the House of Lords. And what are we to say now that the Lords have read the bill a first time, and are about to read it a second time? It is said that the measure has no chance of success, but of that we can never feel sure with this antediluvian Parliament. Having passed a bill to slaughter cattle at the port of debarkation, in order to prevent the introduction of the cattle plague—a proceeding like killing a cow on the doorstep in order to prevent diseased meat coming into the house—we may reasonably expect the Parliament to pass that very law which all men say they will never pass. The tale that these new associates will be more likely to be honest, because of being enrolled in a royal society, goes upon the assumption that they will be strong in figures and weak in sense. Why should we suppose that a member of Monopoly Hall will be more honest than his neighbour whom the Parliament has not protected from quick wits? Or why should the Parliament protect a man who has learned to add up a column of figures, during a five years' apprenticeship, from the competition of a man who has followed some useful occupation the whole time, and learned accountancy in the bargain? The truth is, this bill seeks to set up a trade union of the most silly kind. Silly, because so unnecessary, and every year fast becoming more unnecessary. Another generation will see accountants sweeping the streets and wheeling coal. Seventy years ago no class of operatives were so highly paid as they. Now, the railway and other companies employ them by the thousand at twenty-five shillings per week, and a lad is prohibited from going to work until he has half learned the trade of an accountant. But then, your new associate of accountancy despises the common bookkeeper, and the still more common rent collector, and that is the reason he seeks the protection of his caste by Parliament. He wants his trade to be styled one of the learned professions. Though at present he dare scarcely sigh for that happy time, and speaks with "bated breath and whispered humbleness," yet he does really scan the horizon of the future, when he may bandy words with the solicitor, and become able

to practise in bankruptcy cases. This is, at present, the goal of his ambition. Perhaps one of these associates will tell the town how many sighs are equal to a hope deferred. After this latest phase of protecting the law shall have been conceded—if ever, your accountant associate will probably try another throw of the political dice, and seek to compel local boards and sanitary authorities to elect one of their number for the office of clerk to themselves. Why not? There is more reason in that proposal than the present one.

This proposed bill is much worse than the inner rules of any trade union in the kingdom, and all the Parliaments in the world would not be able to ennoble the "profession" of accountancy to a degree above that of barber-professors. Ordinary trade unions have at least a defence for their closeness by saying that they have acquired a dexterity of hand not to be acquired by a person who does not serve an apprenticeship extending through the whole period of youth; but no such defence can be set up for accountants. Their valuable training has to commence at the age when the bill proposes they shall be at liberty to begin business as public accountants. There need be no difficulty in arriving at an opinion about the value of such training as may be acquired in five years by a stripling serving articles of clerkship; he will doubtless be a little better than a railway clerk, if his employer has really taught him anything at all, but if, as is common to most apprentices, the clerk is left to pick up the business of his master in the best way he can, the proposed bill is an unmitigated evil, eventually injuring the public in the most vital element of business—the accounts. Again, there is still less defence for this proposal of the accountants when we reflect that their business is not a handicraft simply. It is a business in which a man needs be able to set forth the financial condition of any firm whose affairs have been placed in his hands, and for that purpose the accountant must necessarily have some general acquaintance with the trades he is examining, as well as a common schoolmaster's acquaintance with the rules of arithmetic. The general acquaintance with trade usages, the young clerk is most unlikely to acquire in five years in the office of any accountant, and the common rules of arithmetic are known, and will shortly be much better known to everybody. What, then, becomes of this proposal to hoist an article accountancy clerk into a professor of bookkeeping, whom lawyers will be compelled to employ in all liquidations, bankruptcies, &c.? An ignorant professor of anything is a laughing stock to his friends, and such would be the case of all these new fledged accountants. It is more than doubtful if any man in England, styling himself accountant, can boast that he has acquired his professional skill in five years; and do such men really believe themselves that the youth of the future shall, in their hands, be able to outstrip them by half-a-dozen years? Impossible; the probability is that the competition in that business is becoming as keen as in most others, and this proposed law is the straw clutched by drowning men. It is a pity that this should be so, but men who are gentlemen shorn of wealth, and yet not professional men, because practising a business requiring no intense mental application and study, or shrouded in any sort of mystery—as is the law and medicine—will ever be the victims of bad trade and financial distress. Any attempt to escape from the position by the help of Parliament must fail because the means proposed are unnatural.

THE GOLDEN WREATH.

YOUR wreath, Ben, your wreath, Ben,
That looks so golden gay,
Which should have glittered on your brow
Long, long before this day,
When you will ever put it on
'Tis really hard to say.
Your words, Ben, your words, Ben,
Have wafted wide your fame,
And many thousand Tories bold
Have shouted at your name;
But when they're asked for money down
Their ardour waxes tame.
No doubt, Ben, no doubt, Ben,
A splendid speech you've planned,
When the great Tracy, what's-his-name,
The glist'ning gaud shall hand,
And blow your trumpet loud before
His patriot penny band.
But since, Ben, but since, Ben,
They will not pay the shot,
No longer let the hat go round,
But, like the canny Scot,
Just make the balance up yourself
And then you'll get the lot.

COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS (MADE TO ORDER.) **JOHN CHETHAM**, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from 6, LONG MILLGATE, to 29, TID STREET, MANCHESTER



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 8d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Prince of Wales is a brick.
That he goes in strongly for Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.

That he does this, of course, in spite of the frowns of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the whole Church.

That some people wonder what His Royal Highness is after.

That the House of Lords doesn't improve.

That their Lordships rejected the bill by 101 against 81 votes.

That, the night before, they refused by 67 against 59 votes to open any of the public institutions in London on Sundays.

That Lord Beaconsfield opposed the resolution.

That he said he was sorry to do so, but then he thought the nation wasn't in favour of the Sunday opening of museums, and so on.

That this was just like his Lordship.

That—a trimmer to the last—he dare not do anything which would offend his weak-minded and loud-talking followers.

That, according to the law of England, it isn't wrong to open gin palaces on Sundays.

That, according to the law of England, it isn't wrong to open Conservative Clubs on Sundays.

That it is a terrible sin, however, to open free libraries, museums, and picture galleries on the holy day.

That we are a logical people!

That the *Pall Mall Gazette* is down on our unhappy Government again.

That Lord Salisbury made a speech in the House of Lords on Monday night with the object of showing how beautifully the famous Berlin Treaty is working.

That the *P. M. G.* is awfully hard on the Foreign Secretary.

That our contumacious contemporary says—"It is not merely as a piece of audacious special pleading that we are concerned with Lord Salisbury's glosses upon the Berlin Treaty."

That, "as such, we must say plainly that they are an insult to the common sense of the nation, which consists of men, and not of children open to be convinced by an 'intellectual' Minister that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse."

That "Lord Salisbury's sophisms are something more and worse than this."

That "they are an injury to the public service and to the repute of English public men."

That "they are a warning to the foreign allies of England that the Ministers are not to be trusted to stand by the plain meaning and intention of the most solemn international engagements; and they are an invitation to her enemies to play fast and loose with any such engagements whenever it may suit their purposes."

That "Lord Salisbury last night as good as told the whole world that he, at any rate—we cannot say the Government, for we know not how far there is such a thing as an harmonious Government—regards the Berlin Treaty as a thing to be explained away; and that he will undertake to persuade his countrymen that it has been executed whenever and wherever it has been plausibly evaded."

That no journal hounded on the Government to pursue their "spirited" foreign policy more than the *P. M. G.* did.

That no journal finds fault with the result as the *P. M. G.* does.

That Pendleton ought to feel proud.

That it now possesses a paper of its own.

That last week it published what it was pleased to pronounce to be an interesting "biography of the life" of Mr. Benjamin Armitage.

That a paper like this is sure to flourish.

That the funeral of Professor Isaacs on Sunday last was an extraordinary demonstration of affection and esteem.

That thousands of persons were present—mostly Jews and foreigners.

That the foreign element is a great power in our midst.

That we don't know what the country is coming to.

That actions for breaches of promises of marriage are actually to be abolished.

That Mr. Herschell, the hon. member for Durham, has a great deal to answer for.

That he has no right to take all the little fun and frolic out of our dull, daily contemporaries.

That he has less right to sit upon ladies in this cruel fashion.

That our glorious Constitution is really in danger—at last.

That the House of Lords must step in and save it from complete collapse.

That things still look ominous out in Zululand.

That we are beginning to find out that an army of boy-soldiers and Autumn-manceuvre generals is not up to much.

That our lads are described as having fired very "wildly" at the battle of Ginghilovo.

That some of them actually fired on and bayoneted their own comrades.

That Lord Chelmsford himself "can offer no excuse or explanation of what occurred beyond the youth of the men of the 60th Rifles.

That we should have a decent Army considering the price that we pay for it.

That Mr. Houldsworth says both Mr. Bright and Mr. Birley are sure to be returned for Manchester.

That what he regards as doubtful is the result of the duel between Mr. Slagg and himself.

That he says he does not intend to fight in gloves.

That Mr. Slagg says he does not mean to employ even mittens.

That lively scenes are in store for us.

That Mr. Slagg has come off best so far.

That Mr. Houldsworth does not like it a bit, and is beginning to look knocked-up already.

EMMA WADE AND EMILY JONES.

EMMA WADE, nineteen, and Emily Jones, twenty years of age, now lie under sentence of death—the one at Lincoln, the other at Liverpool—for having murdered their illegitimate children. Both cases are heartrending. The girls were seduced and then deserted by scoundrels. Their "shame" was too much for them, and their minds gave way temporarily under the strain. Of course, they won't be hanged. But they will probably be imprisoned for life. What of the "men" who wronged them? Justice and right are two different things in merry England!

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with Paris Diamond in claw-setting, sparkles beautifully. SNAKE RINGS 2s. 6d. (3 and 4 coils). SIGNET, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 3d. BUCKLE RINGS, 3s.; very Chaste BUCKLE, 3s., with or without 3 Stones. Ladies' Fancy Rings (assorted coloured stones), 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. CANNINGTON & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 978, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.

TOWN HALL SILHOUETTES.

MR. ALDERMAN BENNETT.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

IF we now purpose to leave for a short time the ordinary level of the Council Chamber, and to soar into serenest altitudes, all persons taking an interest in municipal affairs in this city will admit that no gentleman, serenest or altitudiner (we must here coin a word) than Mr. Alderman Bennett, could be found for our purpose. Nature has given the worthy Alderman an imposing presence, and the worthy Alderman rejoices in that imposition. But it should be remarked that the stateliness of Mr. Bennett is not of the "stuck up" order; there is nothing pompous about him or even artificial. He is, indeed, blunt and frank in his address without any boisterous accompaniments. No scintilla of pretence or veneer is exposed for traffic in the shop window at which we are now gazing. Simulation is not an attribute in the ethics of Mr. Alderman Bennett. If he is not your friend—and we don't think he volunteers too frequently in that capacity, to people outside his own household—he will assuredly not lead you to believe so. Of cordiality or "garb," which looks like it, Mr. Bennett is no professor. He is rather hard than otherwise, though never roughly or cruelly so. He can say, and does sometimes say, ill-natured things in his public capacity; but when he gets paid back in similar coinage, he seems to consider that the retort is not unfair. He is too indifferent to the opinions of other people to keep a register of hard hits against himself.

Mr. Bennett is an excellent man of business, and the ratepayers of Manchester may congratulate themselves upon the fact that he has so long given them the advantage of his shrewdness and his world knowledge. In his private mercantile pursuits he is remarkable as being about the only man in the city who appears to be able to carry on very large commercial transactions by driving about from dawn to sunset in a carriage and pair. Whether there are ledgers concealed under the carriage cushions, or invoice forms in the pockets, we have no means of ascertaining, but there is generally a twenty-shillings-in-the-pound appearance about the horses, which in these days is very refreshing, and which may be attributable to those quadrupeds having undergone a course of double entry in respect of oats. Of the coachmen who are charged with driving the hard bargain who is usually sitting behind them, we would only remark, that mental arithmetic seems to ooze from the back of their necks, and that the worthy alderman, who is often checking them, generally finds them correct.

We understand that Mr. Bennett is lord of the manor of Ardwick. He was not to the manor born; but has become lord by purchase; and it may be safely predicted that he has not paid too much for his bargain. There is very little arable land in Ardwick; but viewed from the arches of the North Western or Sheffield lines of railway, there is pretty well of timber, and the property thereabouts is rather richly wooded. There is a scarcity of game in Ardwick; but at Belle Vue, which is not far off, "a little game" is frequently apparent to the naked eye.

In politics, we presume that Mr. Bennett is a Conservative. Some few years ago he stood as a candidate for Manchester in Parliament, but he was not successful in winning the seat, nor was he lucky in clearly exposing his views as a politician to the constituency. He gave us a laboriously all-round programme, which no one, probably, save its author, understood. But, as a Tory member for Manchester, we should have infinitely preferred the worthy alderman to Mr. Birley, who has the happy knack of not seeing his supporters when he meets them in the street, and whose oratory is about as refreshing and humiliating as antimonial wine. For a man who is so firm and self-possessed as Mr. Bennett, it is surprising that his political opinions should remain in so unprecipitated a condition. He thinks, of course, that he knows himself where he is; and there is nothing in a free country like this to prevent a man having politics of his own, and permitting no one to look at them over the wall.

In matters of faith our alderman is more definite; here we have no shilly-shallying. Salvation by cope, biretta and chasuble; short services, short surplices, short commons; an appetite for acolytes and prismatic hues and most unspeakable candles; matins and patens—herein behold the effectual way! Quite a comprehensible Viatum; and we will even say more inviting to the carnal mind than the mode in which our beloved Church built us up thirty years ago, in the days of the three deckers and the confused moans of parish clerks. If we must get our spiritual hair cut by Church shears (and the Bishop seems to think that we have no choice), then let us have shearers like Knox-Little or Dr. Marshall who know their business—who are artists—who will not permit liberties—who believe and

therefore speak. Get the people to come to church and to like it, and by-and-by behind all this symboling—some of it badly done and grotesquely—a light will be seen shining. To attain this end, Mr. Alderman Bennett once said at a Church Congress in the West of England, that he would willingly stand on his head. This would be a great sacrifice for any gentleman of mature years who had not been carefully trained in his youth by acrobatic parents. Still, it is pleasant to find a man standing up for his Church; and if he fancies that by doing this in an inverted posture the effect would be greater—as affording freer play for his legs—it would be wrong to balk the wishes of the experimenter—who no doubt will always have acted under medical advice, and at all events with the full consent of his wife and family; for if you are really the head of a household, you may as well stand on it.

In the London season, the tall, erect figure of Mr. Bennett is familiar in the neighbourhood of Portland Place, and in the spacious saloons of the Langham Hotel, where he represents the municipal dignity of our city most efficiently. Always accompanied by that best companion, his wife, the two give one the impression that their courting days have been prolonged even unto this; a very pleasant, amiable, and altogether commendable arrangement, to compass which even a little standing on the head would not, by many men, be deemed too great a sacrifice. Let us wish this happy couple a golden wedding some day.

THE BISHOP AND MESSRS. WRIGHT AND MEAD.

Scene: The Bishop's Court. The Bishop seated, turning over the pages of the "skittish paper" the Jackdaw.

Enter ATTENDANT: Mr. Henry Mead, my lord.

Enter MEAD (advances towards the seat when the Bishop is reading; bows.)

BISHOP: Oh, good morning, Mead, I'm glad you've come. I see you have been cutting a figure as orator and author. What about the Zulu you have been speaking about?

MEAD: One moment, if your lordship pleases.—(*Exit. Returns, leading the vicar of St. Paul's, Pendleton, by the beard.*)—*Loq.*: Father Katty-Watty, my lord, the scare of the Ellor Street old women, and the sport of the School Board dodgers.

BISHOP (*aside; his dander rising*): This is a cool customer; literally beards a parish priest, and levels a jest at a mitred head. I see, Mead, from the papers that you have been saying that your vicar offends by turning his "uncomely parts" to the people, and repeating that I am "weak-kneed." (*Mead bows.*) Now, sir, just turn your uncomely parts to me, and I will demonstrate the strength of my knees to you, and my own, satisfaction (*rises to suit the action to the word*).

MEAD (*throws up hands in alarm. Quakes at the knees*): I—I—I didn't mean that, my lord. A metaphor, my lord, a metaphor.

WRIGHT (*crosses himself to scare away the evil spirits which are about, and begins to intone*): *Gloria mundi*—My lord, what's Latin for tobacco?

MEAD: Mummery again. Make a note of that, my lord. He's kicked up many a dust in Ellor Street, and now he wants to kick up a smoke here.

WRIGHT: *Ave tobacco plen a comfort*—confound my Latin.

MEAD: More mummery.

BISHOP: Mead, do you stand corrected, or shall I give you evidence of the stability of my understandings through the point of my shoe toes?

MEAD: Anything, my lord, anything before an introduction of your shoemaker to my tailor. I submit there's nothing like leather.

BISHOP (*aside*): The Court of Arches couldn't quash a case quicker than that. (*To Wright*) And now, sir, what is your will?

WRIGHT: At my vestry meeting, the low un-Catholic Protestant rabble—only the Protestant rabble, my lord, the outcast Gentiles, my lord, quite unworthy of my fold—passed a resolution calling upon me to resign my benefice, my lord—

BISHOP (*aside*): Gentiles sapient as serpents.

WRIGHT: Or give up my cherished, my beautiful service; bowing, biretta, crosses, candles, *et hoc* you know. (*Crosses himself.*)

BISHOP: Well, drop that legerdemain here.

MEAD: Gymnastics, I call 'em.

WRIGHT: Here is a heretical Protestant.

MEAD: I'm the heretical Protestant, a-h-h-h, my lord, and don't disown it. He (*points with his thumb*) is a Catholic Protestant. Catholic as far as it agrees with his conceit; but as for being of a general or universal character, he is the odd man out. If Simon Zilotes, Joseph of Arimathea,

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St. Augustine, or St. Paul himself, whichever of them, or all of them, it was who brought Christianity into this country, had gone about their work same as Wright has done, the Celts would simply have eaten them some fine Friday as a good joke. He's married; the member of a secret society. He disregards the Pope. If he had emptied a Roman Catholic Church as he has done ours, the Pope would have ordered him to pack up the Church's carpet-bag and handbox—he could not have any of his own—and marched him off to some place for penance; and serve him right, say I.

WRIGHT (*crosses himself*): *Libra nos ab illo malo.*

MEAD: That's his way.

BISHOP (*getting tired of this*): Well, Wright, what about resigning your benefice? Do you seek a change?

MEAD: He'll not object to change. He has made twenty changes already in the service. A full score.

WRIGHT: My lord, a church with a good living, no pew rents, and a parish with none of those — Protestants (ugh) in it, would be acceptable. There's twice as many of those detestable ignorant creatures, those deluded Protestants, in my present parish as there were people in the whole county when that dearly-beloved man, St. Francis de Sale, said *non Angli sed angeli*, &c.

MEAD: That's a fine muddle of calenders and saints. Eh, my lord? Here's an idea. Make him chaplain to King Cetewayo, who will give him full scope. But (*turning up his eyes*), oh, my lord, do shunt him from Pendleton.

BISHOP: You may leave us, Mead.

MEAD: There's nothing like leather. (*With the door in his hand; looks at Wright*): —Poor, simple, obstinate, gumptionless, nunnerified old man. Good morning, my lord. (*Exit.*)

BISHOP: Look here, Wright. I have seemed to back you because I sanctioned your coming here. I wish Lord Falmouth had put you in pickle, or under a glass shade. You are a Scotch dog in the margin.

WRIGHT: All right, my lord, but just lead on these Protestant idiots to prosecute me. You see I have no chance of achieving distinction for myself, or bringing out my family into notice. I would prefer, do you see, to be a martyr to the nothing I am.

BISHOP: The nothing you are! I cannot minister to a mind like yours. It galls me to think Churchmen like Canon Stowell, and Dissenters like Sir Elkanah Armitage should have given of their means to build and endow a church to be turned to such paltry purposes as you have done. Off with you.

WRIGHT (*crosses himself*): *Et ne nos inducas.*

BISHOP (*rising*): Do you deny the firmness of my knees? (*Exit Wright, quickly*). I wonder what the Jackdaw will say about this!

ON THE TRACK OF THE HAPPY COUPLE.

[FROM ONE OF OUR MANY SPECIALS.]

Lisbon, April 30, 1879.

NO doubt you have missed me, sir, and had I not written as I now do to set your mind at rest on my account, you would have patronised the agony column in the *Times* for some days in your endeavour to find out the whereabouts of your most valuable servant. Indeed, sir, at one time I had intended to attach myself to the staff of some other paper. That note about my "lying" and "dreaming dreams" cut me to the heart, and if it is repeated, I shall not be responsible for the consequences. Your blood will be upon your own nose, for you ought to have nosed me better than that. Now, sir, I am in Lisbon, "a city situated on the banks of the Tagus, with a population of over a quarter of a million,"* including Don Louis I., his queen, two boys, the Court, the English ambassador and suite, and last, but not least, your own special! "Very good," I can hear you say (in imagination, not per telephone), "but how in the name of goodness did you get there, and what are you doing now that you have arrived." I shall answer in due course, sir. Firstly, I came here in the royal mail steamer "Douro." As you know, I am Scotch, and am proud of being such, and as I landed here last Sunday I felt my Scotch blood warm within me. Was I not treading on historic ground? Was it not here that my countrymen, Alexander Collie and James Nicoll Fleming, landed when pressed too closely by an admiring British public? Echo answered "Yes," and so I doffed my Scotch cap, and put on an ordinary felt pot,

* As per school geography.

in order to escape notice at the hands of sharp Lisbon detectives. Let me assure you, sir, it was not from causes similar to those that prompted the two fellows just named that I sought and found this hospitable shore. Oh, no! I'll tell you why I came. You will remember how kindly I was treated at Windsor, and how I expressed some reluctance at having to return to our usual humdrum life in Cottonopolis. When I mentioned this to His Royal Highness the Dooke, said he, "My dear N. B., why not come with us on our tour down the Mediterranean?" At first I refused, on the plea of my official duties in Manchester; but when Her Royal Highness joined in entreating me to come, I had to give in, and allow a cabin to be prepared for me on board the royal yacht. Unfortunately, on the eve of our departure, some one showed their Royal Highnesses the *City Jackdaw*, with my account of the wedding and procession in, and though they did not mind it at all, Lord Beaconsfield was so much annoyed by the references to himself that he insisted upon my instant dismissal, and with tearful eyes the Princess bade me "Good-bye." As I left the yacht the strains of a piano fell upon my ear. The tune was "Oh, Willie, we shall miss you, welcome, welcome home." I blew my nose! 'Twas a touching scene. But, you know, sir, I am not easily turned aside from anything I have made up my mind to, so I determined to follow them, in spite of Tory interference. Thanks to your liberal supplies, I was able to reach Southampton and engage a cabin in the royal mail steamer, "Douro," outward bound for the Brazils, calling at Cherbourg and Lisbon. To the latter place the royal yacht was bound, so I booked to that port, and here I am. Hadn't we a nice passage out! The weather was fine, the passengers agreeable, the menu excellent, and the accommodation first-rate! What more could be wanted to cause us to have a good time? We played quoits on deck during the day, and had concerts or played chess or cards in the saloon at night, till bedtime, so the days flew happily along, burdened with pleasure and delight. In the language of the poet, I sang—

"Calmly the happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they fled they left behind a long continuing light."

Then we arrived at the rock of Lisbon, and in the early sunshine of a Sabbath morning the bar was crossed, Cascaes and Fort St. Julien were passed, and we steamed quietly up the grand estuary of the Tagus. At Belem we were hailed by the Custom House and board of health authorities, who inquired kindly but firmly after the state of our health. The doctor informed them that he had taken the situation on board the "Douro" because there never was anything for him to do, and he could do that well, so they permitted us to proceed up the river. It is a sight well worth the cost of the voyage, that grand panorama of green fields, swelling hills, and stately buildings. On our extreme left, over the hills and far away, was Cintra, the Southport and Buxton combined, of Lisbon. In the same direction, but nearer at hand, was the Cathedral of Belem, where Vasco de Gama slept the night before he sailed to discover India, and all along the river side rise the castles of the Portuguese grandees. Ahead of us are seen the turrets of the Custom House, and the walls of Fort St. George, while on our right we pass the lazaretto, and see ahead of us the small town of Cacella. At 11-15 a.m., we dropped anchor opposite the Black Horse Square (than which there is no finer in Europe), and forthwith we could easily imagine what the Tower of Babel was like, after that little disarrangement of the vocal organs. The Portuguese boatmen are not a sweet-tongued race, and to the best of their ability, they endeavoured to make the passengers understand that each of their individual boats was the only safe means of reaching *terra firma*. The authorities had heard that I was on board, and had sent off a steam launch to take me and my belongings ashore; so amid waving to handkerchiefs and good wishes, I left the "Douro" and set foot on Portuguese territory. Then, oh horror! or misery! I learned the news their Royal Highnesses had left Cadiz three days before! What sea sickness had failed to do that did. I was disheartened! However, here I was, and here I remained. At first I made up my mind to follow them, but on seeing in the *Times* that the day after they left Lisbon they reached Naples and touched at Cadiz the next day—I say after reading this extraordinary piece of seamanship (or printer's devilry), I gave up the chase and made myself comfortable *na cidade de Lisboa*. I am tired now, so must defer the account of my adventures here until some future occasion. Meanwhile, I remain, your (kissing your hands and your feet if they are washed) very humble and obedient servant,

N. B.

P.S.—So far I have only the sum of £20. 19s. 11½d. at your debit, but it goes on growing.

* Portuguese mode of saying yours truly.

OUR SPECIAL AND THE CHESTER CUP.

YOU will, perhaps, be surprised at my sudden resolution, without any intimation from or communication with, my superior officer (military phrase), to visit the scene of the great Chester carnival, but, as I know your enthusiasm in matters of national sport, I cheerfully took upon myself the responsibility and danger of the enterprise (martial again), knowing that you would be perfectly agreeable as to the expense. It was not that I really cared for the thing myself, neither did I feel the slightest interest in the matter, not being a betting man, although I knew very well before I started that Parole was sure to win, as all the papers which had any pretension to racing judgment said so, and I had just an odd half-sovereign betted "on the nod" (sporting phrase) with my bookseller friend from Holywell Street, and sundry S. and B's also with the waiters at a few bars which I call at for purposes connected with the *Jackdaw*. To Chester, therefore, I went, in company with a couple of friends who, like myself, were not enthusiasts in sport, but went merely as a matter of commercial speculation. One of the them, on the way, introduced a rather curious game which consisted of manœuvring with three cards and requesting the other to pick out one which he named, after he had lain them down. After playing this game to themselves some time, and laughing in high glee as they made successful guesses, they asked me to have a game, but, bless you, I was too good for them; he was not quite enough for me; however, he tried to blind my judgment. I showed him that my eye was quicker than his fingers, for I picked out the card every time I tried, until he was tired of playing, and put the three cards into his pocket. When we reached Chester, I bade my agreeable friends *au revoir*, and sauntered on to the celebrated walls of that ancient city, which were built, I was informed by an old soldier, whom I came across comfortably leaning on the parapet of the fortification, and smoking a short pipe, in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, who was sent to graze on the Roodee, when he was changed to a horse. It is very singular how these old and interesting legends are preserved intact through a hundred generations, even though no written records are existing of the facts. He also informed me, when I explained to him my position as regards the *Jackdaw* and the object of my visit to Chester, that the race for the Cup had been postponed until five o'clock, but in the meantime, in order that my valuable time should not be wasted, he should be happy to dine with me, and to show me through the armoury at the castle, of which he said he had the honour to be the keeper. Need I say that, knowing your total disregard of expense in the good cause, I instantly accepted his magnificent offer, and we were soon deep into the mysteries of Chester cookery, and afterwards partook of a couple of bottles of good old port, for which I cheerfully paid. The veteran then informed me that he had been in the army since a boy, and had been actively employed in almost every engagement during the last forty years, he had been wounded on several occasions, once when bringing off a sergeant of the 44th regiment who escaped the great Khyber massacre, again when he led the attack at the storming of Moulton, and a third time when he helped the Commander-in-Chief to scale the heights of Alma. He had accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Ashantee War, and at the taking of Coomassie had killed seventy-two Ashantees with his own hand, but that private jealousy had occasioned his name to be omitted in the despatches. I really felt interested in the veteran hero, and was glad of his company to the armoury which he led me through, between lanes of rifles and fixed bayonets, explaining things as he went on, showing me the identical bullet which narrowly missed the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, and was afterwards picked up by a peasant a couple of fields away, and sold by him to the British Ambassador for £5,000, which is another singular proof of the shocking want of information in this country, as I never remember hearing of that fact before. He also showed me a large quantity of square cases, which he said were full of rifles, which had been seized through his instrumentality, at the mouth of the Dee, when about to be shipped off to the Zulu Government. I shall take care to recommend this smart old soldier to my friends at the Horse Guards as a fit subject for the kind consideration of the ruling powers. By the time we had partaken of a parting bottle, the near approach of five o'clock warned me to be moving towards the Roodee, and my surprise was great when I learned upon my arrival there that my military friend had been mistaken as to the postponement of the race, as it had been over about an hour and a half; however, I do not think that, on the whole, my time was thrown away. I saw my two friends of the railway train on the course, playing their game with the three cards, and laughed to see one of them so easily

win money off the other by taking up the prescribed card every time he tried. He said the other was a perfect fool to sit there and lose his money, and deserved to be punished for it. I thought so too, and for the sake of further enforcing the moral lesson upon him (I really had no thought of taking the man's money) I staked a sovereign myself, and laughingly took up the cards, but, to my dismay, and the enjoyment of all the bystanders, I picked up the wrong one. I certainly felt a little mortified, not only that my judgment, so well exercised in the train, should play me false here, but also at the fact that I should have entailed another sovereign of expense upon my parent bird, but I console myself with the conviction that the old *City Jackdaw* will read and forgive.

You will see that my expenses are rather heavier than usual; but when you come to consider the distance travelled, the dinners and port, and the sovereign lost with my three-card friend, you will not find them excessive. Of course, when I found that Parole had not won after all, I added the half-sovereign I had betted, "on the nod," to your bill also—the S. and B.'s I will pay for myself.

[Our special had better pay the whole himself; we have simply put his bill into the fire. We object to his statement that we are enthusiastic in sporting affairs, and we think that he has alighted upon more than one "old soldier" in his day's excursion to Chester.—Ed.]

Isaac Butt, Q.C., M.P.,

DIED MAY 5TH, 1879, AGED 66.

READ softly, Pat; dear Father Butt lies dead.
He found his native land enslaved;
He left her free! Why need he live to dread
Th' impetuous rush of Erin's heedless sons,
Free as the mountain's torrent, and with head
Erect as war horse—yet unreined by reason—
Rush headlong on to ruin and to treason.
Ah, Butt, hadst thou but lived to steer the bark,
Old Erin would have progressed through the dark
And dismal slough of despond—fell and dank—
Of homeless poor forlorn;—the wealth and rank
Still absent in some foreign land—like th' prodigal—
In haste to revel in luxurious ease—not frugal,
Save of home-spent gold. The honest poor
Scarce win the bread of life, yet love the floor
Of that rude cot in which they first drew breath,
And love it with a love not quenched till death.
Dear Father Butt, thou art not dead. Thy spirit's flown
To yon bright world, to bring a message down
To Erin, thine own loved isle, and while we wait for thee
We sing thy name. Each coming age shall chaunt the same!

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

A FULL-GROWN specimen of a monster, believed to have been extinct for nearly thirty years, was discovered at St. Stephen's on Tuesday, April 29th. This last of a once numerous and rapacious family is known to naturalists as the *Protectionosaurus*, or, the great Corn Swallower, and was, perhaps, the largest and most ravenous of the great land lizards which have, up to very recent times, made such havoc amongst the manufacturing districts of this country, with their congeners, the *Landlordodon* and *Primongenitherium*, the last two named, although not yet extinct, are fast becoming so weak under the unceasing attacks of their numerous enemies as to be no longer the subject of dread to the people as formerly. On the *Protectionosaurus* being unearthed, several noblemen who were present made an ineffectual attempt to revive it, but the Earl of Beaconsfield, whose knowledge of this branch of natural history is unexceptionally good, in a very able lecture over its body, explained that the animal had, after resisting the most furious onslaughts of its numerous foes, finally succumbed to the weapon of the late Sir Robert Peel, thirty years ago, and was now most certainly dead; the seeming life which was noticed by Lord Bateman and the Duke of Rutland, on its first discovery, being only a spontaneous and spasmodic action of the muscles, which was the effect of the sudden irruption of light. This explanation satisfied their lordships, and the *saurian*, after a while, relapsing into its former fossil state, was quietly removed and placed in the British Museum.

A GREEN MARTYR.

[BY ONE OF OUR ADMIRERS.]

MY dear Jackdaw, last week I saw
Your lines on Mr. Green,
And must confess they show much less
Of honest truth than spleen.

How can you say that we obey
No law but what's our own;
Tis false, dear bird, retract the word
Till we are better known.

Whate'er may be the State's decree,
Absurd or otherwise,
In Church affairs, howe'er it bears,
Church law we recognise.

To edify we always try,
But it can't be denied
There are, alack! some natures black,
Will not be edified.

We've no desire for martyr fire,
Or prison fare with Tooth,
We do not want e'en you to grant
Us more than simple truth.

Now, sable bird, I oft have heard
You croak out wisdom's laws,
And when again you take the pen,
Pray give us better cause.

Unless you do I tell you true,
So far as I'm concerned,
Despite each week the treat I seek,
You surely will get burned!

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

WHAT can it mean? One of our daily contemporaries published the following under the heading "The Proposed Lancashire Testimonial to the Premier":—"We understand that the authorities of the Conservative Union for the County Palatine have decided to let this scheme lie in abeyance for an indefinite time. This decision is partly due to the ill success attending the getting up of the gold wreath—in which, however, the Lancashire Conservatives took no part—and partly to the consideration that Earl Beaconsfield, supposing he is not turned out at the general election, may voluntarily retire from the Premiership; in which event the Tories of Lancashire would find an opportunity for presenting their testimonial on a more effective occasion." This is a nice state of things. Lord Derby has cast off the Lancashire Tories, and now the Lancashire Tories threaten to cast off the Earl of Beaconsfield. We live in lively times.

A MAN may be ever so strong and brave and self-reliant, but when the rear button comes off his shirt, and his collar persists in climbing up and setting on the top of his coat, he feels that his happiness, his every hope of comfort in this life, is in the hands of some woman.

CRITICS are very wise, but they are not infallible. When they happen to differ the one from the other what are poor ordinary mortals to think? The *Athenaeum*, alluding to Mr. Millais's two portraits of ladies in the Royal Academy, says they are "superb," and "painted with such freedom, so much that is magical in colour, tone, and illumination, that Velasquez himself might own the pictures." They have such "purity of tone, such consummate harmony of fine tints, that seen at a proper distance the charm is irresistible. . . . These paintings should be studied by all students of art." The critic in the *Academy*, speaking of these works describe them as "at once careless and incomplete," and "truly sad to see." "If," he adds, "there were any ground for the belief that Mr. Millais's powers had passed their prime, it would be almost painful to allude to such examples of his art; but he himself supplies us, in the case of the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, with the surest evidence that the faults to which we draw attention are not incurable." Criticism, like many other things, would seem to have degenerated.

Why do people care little for Parliamentary debates in these dull days? Let the *Daily Telegraph* answer the question. It says: "The great fault of the House of Commons to-day is that there are too many speakers and too many words. No doubt oratory must be more diffuse than literary composition; still, prefatory remarks a column long are not needful, and

it is oftener found that the whole pith of a four-column speech can be given in extracts that do not amount to one-fourth of the whole oration inflicted on a too-patient House. This is the besetting sin of the leaders who have something to say; for even they use ten words where two would suffice. As to the minor orators, they, like Juliet, 'speak and yet say nothing.' It is no wonder, then, that a public with many interests and limited leisure reads articles and shuns debates." There is much truth in this—men are weary of words, words.

A GEORGIA bride is described in one of the local papers as "looking a very lily cradled in the golden glimmer of some evening lake—a foam fleck, snowy yet sun-flashed, crowning the ripples of some soft southern sea."

POOR OPENSHAW!

OH, what shall we do?" cries an Openshaw lad,
"For we're 'Catawampusly' floored."
The Tories decline any longer to sit
On the Openshaw Local Board.

The Liberal three who gleefully went
To share in the duties and cares
Of the arduous task their election imposed
Might have been three untamable bears;

For they found deputations, reports, applications,
Too numerous here to record,
But found that three Liberal members' return
Had frightened the Tory Board.

They had all resigned, and the three could not sit,
For they no declaration could make,
As the Act required two sitting members to be
On the spot declaration to take.

So as work Tories would not, and Liberals could not,
A case to be sadly deplored,
The Board had to lapse, and Openshaw now
Is deprived of its Local Board.

But oh, what a national sorrow 'twould cause,
If this last Tory move should extend
To St. Stephen's, and all Tory members resign
Ere with Liberal foemen contend.

To what it would lead, I tremble to think,
If the voice which so often has roared
For bloodshed and waste should no longer be heard
Or to rule at our National Board.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth.

- "R. M."—Why?
"Youth."—Exactly.
"J. R. T."—We think not.
"N."—Consult a lawyer.
"W. A."—Don't consult a lawyer.
"J. L."—From England to the Cape is about 6,000 miles.
"Radical."—The grand jury at Assizes is composed of magistrates only.
"R. R. C."—If no promise was made to take the house you are not liable.
"Cornwall."—The "h" is not aspirated in the words herb, hour, or honour.
"H. K. M."—Sir Stafford Northcote sat for Dudley from March, 1855, till April, 1867.
"S. M."—Damages can be recovered from the owner of the cat that killed the pigeons.
"Careful."—Shareholders in limited banks are responsible to the amount uncalled upon their shares.
"Odessa."—The three sons are the persons liable to contribute towards the support of their mother.
"Alfonso."—The master must pay the amount specified in the indentures; he cannot reduce it at pleasure.
"G. S."—If you moved your goods with intent to defraud, the landlord can follow and distrain within thirty days.
"Constant Subscriber."—A master cannot oblige an out-door apprentice to follow him to a distant town.
"R. W. O."—You must pay the wages; and if you sent for the doctor to attend your servant you must also pay his bill.
"J. T."—Ireland sends 105 members to the House of Commons. The number of Home Rulers is estimated at sixty.
"T. P."—Apply at the place at which the marriage was solemnised; the cost of a copy of a certificate is about half-a-crown.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

The New Series has been received with unanimous approval by the Press. The following are some of the notices which have been given:—

This deservedly popular magazine appears in a new guise. It has turned over a new leaf—not a better one, for that was impossible; but a larger, and altogether more imposing one. A new series has been commenced, and a new volume, and the issue has been much enlarged, to the advantage of the amused and interested reader, and, in the long run, to "Ab" himself. The first monthly part has come to hand, and its contents make up a respectable volume themselves. It will be found that the stories and sketches are of the usual high-class and racy kind, Mr. Brierley himself contributing largely to the pages. "Ab" writes, for example, "An Owd-Fashint Kesmas," "Eaur Soup Kitchen," and others, amongst which the "local farce" of "The Three Buckleys" deserves special mention. The principal hero, or what might by a stretch of—shall we say courtesy—be called the "heavy villain" of the piece, is a Saddleworth lad, who put his foot in everything. Here is a specimen of the character. When he is asked to take off his overcoat he exclaims, "I wear no topcoat; do I hecky as like! What! an owd Saddlewo'th Buckley lapt up like a dumplin? Ger eaut!" The price of the monthly part is only fivepence, and it is a marvel of cheapness, considering the quantity and quality of the contents. With this enlarged *Journal* it will become more popular and more widely circulated than ever.—*Ashton Reporter*, February 8th.

All lovers of Lancashire literature will welcome the appearance of *Ben Brierley's Monthly Journal*, the first number of which was published this month. The weekly publication has for a long time had a high reputation for articles in the vernacular, and those in the new periodical are fully up to the standard. In addition to this, there is a good collection of "magazine stories," so that the *Journal* will prove of interest to ordinary readers who do not understand or enjoy the subtleties of the Lancashire dialect. The contents of the number are very varied, so that everybody's taste will be satisfied. In addition to twenty-six lengthy stories, poems, and papers, there is a great number of interesting "scraps;" the whole combining to make the *Journal* an admirable means of passing an idle hour away.—*Southport Visitor*, February 4th.

People will now have the option of buying the *Journal* weekly or in parts of four weeks, as convenience or fancy may dictate. The alteration is thus one which adds dignity to the periodical and consults the interests of purchasers. We hope it may be attended with all the results its well-wishers anticipate.—*Cheshire County News*, January 31.

Ben Brierley's Journal has for a long time enjoyed a high reputation, not only for its tales and sketches in the "native tongue," but for the

general merits of its literary articles and "scraps." It is now commenced in a new series, and published in monthly parts as well as weekly. The part before us is full of reading, contributed by good and racy writers, not the least of whom is the editor's friend, Mr. Ab-o'th'-Yate. Mr. Ben Brierley has now issued his journal for more than ten years, and a better magazine we do not know to recommend to general readers.—*Leigh Chronicle*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal is a household word in Lancashire; and much as it has been popular in these districts, we opine that in its new and more attractive form it will be a greater favourite with its numerous readers. "Ab-o'th'-Yate" has not yet exhausted his humour, and we anticipate now and again a pleasant and amusing effusion from his pen. Besides "Ab," there is no lack of talent on the *Journal*, and in some of its articles, stories, and sketches, it will bear comparison with metropolitan journals of far higher pretensions.—*Oldham Chronicle*, January 29th.

The first part of the new series of this work has just come to hand. The contents are really charming, and cannot fail to brighten many a gloomy face. We recommend the work to our readers, feeling sure that its new form of appearance will, in itself, be commendable.—*Masbro' and Swinton Times*, January 31st.

The first monthly part of a new series of an old familiar journal in the "Lanky" dialect—*Ben Brierley's*—has been forwarded to us for notice. It gives a bit of everything "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is in the language best understood by the masses of our Lancashire operatives, and contains exactly the kind of wit and humour which is most relished by the people of this and other towns and villages in the county palatine.—*Darwen News*, February 1st.

This journal is widening and improving its sphere—is aiming to be entertaining not only as a Lancashire, but as a general periodical; and we wish it success. For upwards of ten years the *Journal* has been established, charming during the period many with its stories and sketches; and now the editor, aided by duly-selected literary auxiliaries, means to make it yet more widely known and agreeable. The first monthly part, which has been sent to us, contains stories and sketches of various kinds—some in the dialect of the county—poetical and comical composition, biographical, antiquarian, scientific, and anecdotal matter; here and there we have an illustration; and altogether, considering its price and provincialism, it is a very deserving production. Lancashire people in particular ought to give a hearty support to this literary enterprise.—*Preston Chronicle*, February 1st.

Anything conducive to the acceptability of this

excellent periodical will always be viewed with satisfaction. The thoroughly wholesome style of its writings, the fact that Mr. Brierley and his associates possess the secret of being thoroughly amusing, and making a bid for the most extended popularity, without descending to the arts of the "penny dreadful," renders the journal in question one which it is desirable to encourage. In its own line we do not know that *Ben Brierley's Journal* has a rival. In any other part of England it is very probably without a competitor; in Lancashire, this is true certainly. From Jan., 1879, the journal, although the weekly issues will still be continued, will take rank among the "monthlies."—*Stockport Chronicle*, Jan. 31st.

Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son, of Manchester, send us a copy of *Ben Brierley's Journal* (5d.) This is full of stories well suited to the tastes of the good folk of Lancashire, and the very name of the journal has a ring of good-fellowship about it which should secure a large circulation amongst those who love a "gradely honest mon."—*The Fountain*, February 6th.

It is with pleasure we greet the first monthly number of this journal, and we are persuaded that it will be well received by the admirers of Lancashire dialect. When we see such names as Ben Brierley, E. A. Axon, J. Barnes, and other prominent writers, who contribute largely to this periodical, we may be sure that it contains some enjoyable reading, and this issue does credit to all concerned.—*Salford Chronicle*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal has entered upon a new series, and is taking new paths, while the old ones are not neglected. The fresh spurt which has been made is one which is sure to commend itself to a wider field of readers, and to readers of broader and more varied tastes. In addition to the weekly issue there is now a monthly number, the first of which is before us. It contains a good deal of specially interest readers in this neighbourhood. *Ben Brierley's Journal* is trying to deserve greater success, and we have no doubt it will achieve it.—*Eccles Advertiser*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal contains a fair amount of entertaining matter; and, cultivating as it does the vernacular to a very large extent, it is an especial favourite with Lancashire readers. With January of the present year was commenced a new series, into which several improvements are introduced. Though the matter is chiefly what might be termed "light" in its complexion, yet there are not wanting contributions of a solid character, and several of these are illustrated with characteristic woodcuts. It is, taken as a whole, a cheap and ably-conducted popular serial.—*Barnsley Chronicle*, February 15th.

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